UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Forty Years Back o' the Yards - *Caroline M. Hill*

The Rabble-Rouser - *Homer Lewis Sheffer*

A Blue Ridge Settlement - *E. H. Webster*

The Old Lady - - - *May Stranathan*

Babson's Sofa Services - *George R. Grose*

The Study Table

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

A Tribute to Lucia Ames Mead*

It has been said that a good life is its own best prayer. This is especially true of Mrs. Mead. Words are unnecessary; spoken tributes can add nothing to the brightness of her service. There is the record for all to see, for all to marvel at and rejoice. Human solicitude was with her a passion. Human suffering, wrong, injustice, was to her a personal tragedy. Her heart was a bundle of sympathies and her motives were as pure and generous as human motives can be. No detail in the jumbled picture of our human living was foreign to her interest; and no instance of human error or sorrow, however distant, called to her in vain. Her supreme desire was a singularly holy one: that her fellow-creatures should have life and power and truth and happiness, and have it abundantly.

As Paul might say, this treasure she had in an earthly vessel. Her frail body was literally overpowered by this insistent desire to serve. How she ever managed to drive herself to such extremes of labor, where she ever found the physical energy to expend so lavishly, would be a mystery to us did we not remember the wealth and vigor of her religious life; her certainty of the Divine Realities; her confidence in Divine Omnipotence; her joy in God's service. Her life illustrates the sustaining and recuperative power of Faith. Like the Psalmist who could raise his eyes to heaven and whisper: "Thou maintainest my lot," she gave evidence of the support which comes from Faith. Like the little lad who placed his loaves and fishes in his Master's hand, only to see them blessed and multiplied to the present need, she gave her resources to her Divine Master, only to see them blessed and enlarged by the very purity of that self-consecration. Her life corroborates a great truth that God's service, willingly undertaken, does not exhaust; it exacts the gift, but it recreates the giver.

If we see in her that which is a self-reproach to us, it is a self-reproach which she never intended, and which would surprise her. To neglect, to shirk, to consider self-interest, to ignore an opportunity to serve, was not in her nature. The

*See editorial in this issue.—Editor.

(*Continued on page* 140)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXVIII MONDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1936 No. 7

THE INFLUENCE OF GREAT MINDS

As whole nations have their culture from a single book,—as the Bible has been the literature as well as the religion of large portions of Europe,—as Hafiz was the eminent genius of the Persians, Confucius of China, Cervantes of the Spaniards; so, perhaps, the human mind would be a gainer, if all the secondary writers were lost,—say, in England all but Shakespeare, Milton, and Bacon,—through the profounder study so drawn to those wonderful minds.

—Emerson.

STILL WE CLIMB!

We were in Chicago the other day and were told that that very week the printer's order for UNITY had been increased by one hundred copies. This is because new subscriptions are steadily coming in and requests for special issues rapidly multiplying. We might as well confess, "now it can be told," that the depression was a pretty dreadful time for us. We reached a new "low," and pondered at hectic moments if we could keep going. But instantly, with the first signs of recovery, the tide turned, and has flowed in swiftly ever since. Old subscribers coming back, new subscribers joining the family—what better proof can there be that UNITY is indispensable to free souls everywhere? By Christmas we ought to be back to our "high" again. Help us, friends! Subscribe for yourself, for the minister of your church, for the public library in your town! Scatter the seed, and we will do our best to make it the best seed ever.

FORCE FUTILE—WHY NOT NON-VIOLENCE?

This is a statement on non-violence, prompted by Germany's repudiation of the clauses in the Versailles Treaty internationalizing the Rhine, Elbe, Oder, and Danube Rivers, and applicable to the current situation in Spain. It has become a favorite indoor sport of sceptics and cynics these days to back the pacifist into an argumentative corner and ask him what he would do if he were in Spain and thus witnessing the butchery of the Spanish people by the Fascist rebels! This does not bother the pacifist, not the pacifist at least who was trained during the World War, but it seems to bother onlookers tremendously. So let's see! During the late War, be it remembered, this was exactly the question always being asked of the pacifist in relation to the Kaiser's Germany. That Germany then held just the same position in the European situation, so far as public opinion was concerned, as Franco's Fascists now hold in the Spanish situation. What would you do, we were asked in 1914-15, if you were in Europe, and saw the "Hun" raping Belgium, trampling France, outraging democracy, destroying civilization, and, in general, slaughtering and enslaving mankind? Well, one answer was that we wouldn't use force for the reason that force was futile to subdue the Germans, and mighty only to bring in its own reign of violence and bloodshed everywhere. But the Allies and America chose force—and now, *look!* What have they accomplished? Germany, mightier and more terrible than ever in the wildest imaginings of the World War, is now triumphantly tearing up the Versailles Treaty, breaking all bonds imposed upon her, and defying humanity. Arms have failed completely to conquer her. At the same time force is everywhere regnant, and civilization battling for its life. The very situation in Spain is a result of the force and violence resorted to in 1914. Was there ever such a mess—ever such failure? And yet the pacifist is now taunted because he would not repeat today in Spain what was done so futilely and destructively in Europe two decades ago! But force is loose in Spain—with the result that democracy is destroyed no matter which side wins, and tyranny and savagery are triumphant even though the Fascist rebels be temporarily defeated. *Force IS Fascism*—that's what we've got to learn. And when we learn it, we will understand the pacifist who insists that there are better things to do than fight.

THE CONFERENCE IN BUENOS AIRES

This whole business of the Pan-American Conference pleases us immensely. We think that President Roosevelt and Secretary Hull have done not only a fitting but a noble thing in going personally to South America and thus lending the whole weight of their potent influence to the business of peace in this part of the world. It is well for us to remember that this part of the world is half of the whole. In one complete hemisphere of this troubled planet, the nations are learning to live together without violence and fear. Thus it is already inconceivable that there will ever be war again in North America. Canada and the United States will no more fight than New York and Pennsylvania, and the same may surely be said of the United States and

Mexico. These three nations have definitely and finally moved out of the war period of history. In Central and South America there may still be areas where Mars will stride abroad, but these are few, and Mars' steps are hobbled and will soon be tightly bound. The fact is that the Americas are as peaceful as Europe and Asia are bellicose. Even jealousy and fear of the United States by the other lesser countries are disappearing. We can remember the time when Pan-American work was almost hopelessly handicapped by the feeling that what the United States was really trying to do was to establish a sovereignty over all the western hemisphere, and thus reduce the Central and South American republics to the position of mere dependencies. Now we feel that this suspicion is gone. If any of it still lingers anywhere, it will be dispersed by the persuasive presence of a President and a Secretary of State bent upon establishing between the nations in this part of the world the enduring relationship of "good neighbor." What it may mean to the rest of mankind to have the Americas at peace, no man can say. Perhaps the raging imperialisms of Europe and Asia must fight it out to the bitter end! But what it may mean to us, and to the future of the race upon this earth, is incalculable. May the President be triumphant on his great mission!

LABOR

The labor forces of the country played an important part in the triumphant re-election of President Roosevelt. Their policy was characteristically stupid—giving unstinted support to the Democratic ticket, and never exacting any terms at all! Now, with Mr. Roosevelt freer of obligations to any separate group than any man who ever sat in the White House, labor has nothing to bargain with, and hence must wait for favors and be obsequiously grateful if any substantial scraps fall from the master's table. Meanwhile, the situation in the labor field, in spite of the election victory, is just about as bad as it can be. On the one hand, the brawl between the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. has broken out with renewed virulence. Mr. Green and Mr. Lewis are battering one another like two barroom bruisers, each hoping to better his opponent and thus get "next" to the administration as the true representative of organized labor in this country. The bitterness of the fight shows that neither side cares primarily for the cause, but only for the power which is as dear to the labor leader as to the politician. Such a struggle at such a time should make the angels weep. On the other hand, we see capital raising wages on every side, and therewith outbidding the Green and Lewis gangs in an attempt to control the labor field and keep it quiet. The employers are no fools—they know what happened on November 3. So now they pour down their golden shower in the sure conviction that the workers can be pacified, and strikes avoided, and the campaign for unionization hopelessly blocked by a moderate but very showy sharing of prosperity. It's like the hunter in the old Chinese proverb who kept his hungry dog quiet by cutting off his tail and giving him the morsel to eat. American labor ought to be at this moment in the strongest position it has ever occupied in its history. It would be if anybody half as able as Gompers in his day were in control of the workers' ranks today. But, as it is, labor is on the one hand being betrayed and on the other hand outgeneraled. If labor gains anything during the next four years, it will be through the generosity and wisdom of the President alone.

"REPEAL AN AID TO BOOTLEGGER"

This is a headline in a recent issue of the New York *Herald-Tribune,* a "wet" paper honest enough to print the facts. It is of course no news that bootlegging is flourishing these days like the green-bay tree. It was a vast industry long before the 18th Amendment was ever heard of—why should it not continue as such an industry after the repeal of this Amendment? Of course we were told that bootlegging was the child of Prohibition—a lie so bare-faced and shameless that one marvels that it ever got transformed into propaganda. But it did!—and millions of people actually voted against Prohibition in order to get rid of bootlegging. As a matter of fact, this illicit traffic was reduced to smaller proportions under the 18th Amendment than ever before, and could have been pretty effectually stamped out had there been such enforcement of the law against liquor as the G-men are now giving us against crime. Now that the 18th Amendment is gone, the flood is released, and bootlegging pours its tons of drink into the stream. The facts of the situation, which prompted the above headline, are contained in an elaborate report recently released by Dr. Luther Gulick, director of the Institute of Public Administration in New York. This volume, entitled *After Repeal,* announces that between 15 and 60 per cent of all the liquor consumed in this country today is bootleg stuff. Citing the 16,680 stills seized last year (1935) by federal agents, and the 10,000 instances in six months of violations of the registry laws, the report declares that bootlegging is as highly organized today as it ever was. Listen to this analysis of the situation by impartial, scientific investigators:

> "The legalization of liquor selling was in a way a great boon to the bootlegger. Formerly he had to deal directly with a great number of consumers and with speakeasies. He was exposed at many points, and he had to pay large sums for the protection of his outlawed business. Now the business in which he engages is not outlawed; only his participation in it is illegal.
>
> "Formerly all alcoholic beverages, except a negligible quantity of medicinal liquor, was seizable as contraband goods. Now untaxed liquor alone is contraband, and when it gets into the serving bottle of an on-sale licensee, or when it reaches the shelf of a package store dealer with its counterfeit strip stamp and label, it is lost amid the legal supplies."

Gosh, it is to laugh, this inane repeal business! What fools the "drys" were to let themselves be hoodwinked by the "wets"! And what bigger fools the

"wets" were to hoodwink themselves! But booze can always be counted upon to kill itself. The trade, now so arrogant, corrupt, and indecent, will soon again be fighting for its life.

ARE LIBERALS CONSERVATIVE?

A lingering echo of the late national election reminds us of the curious reaction of the churches, or rather of church people, to the campaign. Thus, an election poll of the churches showed that, without exception, the more liberal churches were for Mr. Landon. The Congregationalists, for example, were 78 per cent for the Republican candidate. Dr. Ernest M. Whitesmith, in a letter in the *Christian Leader,* surmises that the Unitarians and Universalists "would have shown at least as high a percentage"—a judgment in which we concur! But this refers to the laity! The ministers, we believe, as Mr. Whitesmith believes, were "much the other way." Certainly the great majority of the liberal clergy voted for President Roosevelt, many of them for Norman Thomas, and a few for Mr. Browder. We doubt if any but an inconsiderable fraction of these men, probably the older ones long trained in Republican ranks, voted for Mr. Landon. This is a significant fact as referring not so much to this specific episode of the election as to a general situation in the liberal churches—a laity divided from the clergy on nearly every important issue of political, economic, and social life! That the laity so seldom interfere with the preaching of their ministers is a credit to their understanding of the high tradition of freedom which exalts the pulpit. But that the laity increasingly stay away from the pews, thus devitalizing the congregation, while still keeping their firm grip upon church polity, is obvious. What we have, in the last analysis, is a divided church, indifferent as an organization to the pressing problems of the day, with the ministers more and more moving into outside activities to express their passion and serve their idealism. That this means in the end the death of our liberal churches, already far advanced in decay and dissolution, goes without saying. Hence the query—what can be done to liberalize our conservative liberal Christians?

IN MEMORIAM: LUCIA AMES MEAD

Lucia Ames Mead, dead on October 31st last, in her 80th year, was one of the great women of our day. Her own fine modesty of spirit robbed her of much of her rightful fame, but not of her influence which ran wide and deep. She was a Bostonian who preserved the great Boston tradition of culture, enlightenment, social reform, and humanitarian idealism. One thought of the women of an earlier day in the Hub of the Universe when we met her fine intelligence and noble devotion to great libertarian causes. For years the best of her thought and vitality went into the woman suffrage movement. She espoused as well the cause of temperance, of education, and of organized labor. But more and more, as years went on, her predominating interest, along with that of her distinguished and heroic husband, Edwin D. Mead, came to be international peace. In the service of this ideal and its various programs she was tireless and superbly efficient. Her command of facts and data was remarkable, and her use of them as devastating to the enemy as a well-served machine-gun. Voice and pen were always active in this cause, and the heart at a full tension of profound but rigorously controlled emotion. Mrs. Mead was a liberal rather than a radical in her social philosophy. She went to no extremes and counselled no desperate measures. But she fell victim to the manias of the day, and more than once was denounced and on occasion interfered with as a "red." There was a curious irony in the confusion of this reserved and prudent gentlewoman with revolutionists. She must have seen the humor of it. But it was courage rather than humor which protected her, and of courage she had an abundant supply of the rarest quality. Her persistence and patience were unconquerable, her steadfastness like a ray of light in darkness. To Unity she was devoted, and to its columns frequently contributed. We mourn another faithful friend!

Jottings

"Soviets Ban Opera Deriding Religion."—Headline in New York *Times.*

The Soviets are evidently slipping. If this thing keeps up, they will be singing the "Messiah" at Christmas time and the "St. Matthew Passion" at Easter.

The Republicans have lost their place on the official ballot in Florida, since they did not cast in the presidential election the percentage of votes required by law. Thus does the G. O. P. join the Socialists, the Communists, and others among the hopeless minority groups in politics!

When we were a boy, we used to sing a song entitled, "The Spanish Cavalier." This cavalier, according to the words of the song as we remember them, was a gallant fellow—a charming lover, a chivalrous soldier, an honorable fighter. We have been looking for him in the present war in Spain—but he doesn't seem to be present.

There was a time when kings could have any woman they wanted. Now, apparently, a king *can't* have any woman he wants, at least not without a fuss. Or is Edward VIII going to demonstrate that even a

king can have the privilege in matrimony of his lowliest subject?

The record of German universities under the Nazis is significant. In the summer of 1933, there were 115,722 students and 18,035 visitors at the universities. A year later there were 89,093 students and 12,182 visitors. What are the figures today?

At last we have discovered a reason for the vast naval expenditures of our government. The navy is needed by Hollywood. Instead of building their own ships, the movie people get it done for them by Washington. Thus, *No Frontier News Service* reports that a recent Hollywood script contained the following notation: "Props needed: the U. S. navy, one Pekingese dog, and one stand-in for Pekingese dog."

J. H. H.

Forty Years Back o' the Yards

CAROLINE M. HILL

Mary McDowell, called by one of the papers "The Angel of the Stockyards," has passed on. No one was more beloved than this head of the University of Chicago Settlement from 1894 to 1934.

When the University of Chicago decided that it would be a good thing for the university to have a settlement and that the strategic point was the corner of Ashland Avenue and 47th Street, Mary McDowell was named by Jane Addams as the woman most after her own heart to become its head resident. She was not a university woman but the committee appointed to find a head thought this might be all the better. She was descended from a family well known in American history: one of her ancestors having been governor of Virginia, a great grandfather the first federal judge of the colony of Kentucky who had presided over the convention which made it a state, and an uncle a general in the Civil War. Her own childhood and youth were spent in Fulton, an industrial village on the banks of the Ohio river near Cincinnati. It is an interesting fact that Harriet Beecher Stowe began writing Uncle Tom's Cabin in the same village. In Fulton, Mary McDowell played with the children of Irish and German people who worked in her maternal grandfather's shipyards and she ate at table with the inventor friends of her father, with soldiers, business men, and, occasionally, statesmen. These contacts gave her an outlook that no college could have given.

Her personality was always commanding, her wit effervescent, and her understanding universal.

In 1894 she went almost alone to a region of mud, poor sidewalks, and many bad smells. Thousands of cattle were butchered every day and the refuse washed into Bubbly Creek, an open sewer flowing into the Chicago River, long before there was any drainage canal. Miss McDowell slept on a cot beside a window where she was awakened every morning by the tramping feet of the army of men going to work in the yards. Her papers tell that in 1898 twenty per cent of the people in the neighborhood were on relief.*

When she accepted the position of head resident in the new settlement back of the yards it was because she recognized that as the most real part of Chicago, where lived the people who furnished so much of the world with its meat, the people who had been drawn here from all over Europe by the hope of a better future for their children. These people she accepted as she had accepted her childhood playmates in Fulton. In an unpublished manuscript she says, "No social climber ever moved into a 'swell neighborhood' with a keener desire to become one of the elite than was mine when I moved from the university town to the stockyards district. . . . It took me ten years to prove myself before my purpose was understood by my neighbors."

In an early report she says: "The task of the settlement is to be the wise, understanding and generous neighbor of a large population of foreign origin who help to do the work and shape the destinies of Chicago and of the United States." When she became established there she said it was as if a window had been opened in a wall which had separated the lives of different classes of people.

The highest spots of this forty years were the Great Strike of 1904, the World War, and the Race Riot of 1919, but they were most important to her as they affected her neighbors in their long struggle toward an American standard of living. On the one hand they were struggling with their own poverty, ignorance, and inexperience, on the other with the attitude of capital towards labor, with the attitude of society towards the poor, with politics corrupting their ideals, with competition of new immigrants always coming in, and new machines changing the demand for other kinds of labor. They wanted better laboring conditions, better wages, recognition, shorter hours. All the time they were "proving for democracy" as she called it. Her definition of standard of living, taken from an unpublished manuscript, was "privacy, enough to eat, ability to dress like other people, to own one's own place if possible and to give the children a better education than their parents had had."

In the Great Strike of 1904 the workers demanded a ten-hour day and two and one-half cents more for unskilled labor than it was then getting. Packers were determined to break the unions which by this time had twenty thousand members. The independent weeklies of that time show there was little violence. Public opinion was on the side of the strikers; milk and other things were contributed in large quantities; but hunger won and unionism was crushed. The strikers lost their increase in wages, unskilled labor was reduced from one to two cents per hour, pace-makers speeded up so that many men did more work for less money than before. The packers said that so long as there were thousands waiting for a job every morning they could not pay higher wages. Prices of everything rose.

But there were indirect results. In three years conditions had changed perceptibly. By 1906 the Federal Commission for investigation of the yards made its report.* Miss McDowell felt that she was at last accepted by labor as its real friend—when she had stood by them

**Inter Ocean*, August 5, 1904.

**Independent*, July 28, 1906.

for the nine weeks during which they had had but one real meal per day. A society woman had written her begging her to get the strike called off, for the family of the writer of the letter had not had a good steak for a month! Aside from this letter no one but Jane Addams, who was away, and one minister had written, offering understanding or help. She regarded her acquaintance with Michael Donnelly, who had organized the yards for the men's unions, and Hannah Condon, who had organized the women, as some of her own rewards.

In those days people of ordinary intelligence believed that if working people had more money they would only waste it and that if they had bathtubs they would use them for coal. Late comers had the hardest time and almost all immigrants were called "the scum of Europe." Mary McDowell claimed at all times that the right standard of living would never be reached until the workers became partners or real cooperators with their employers. She was rejoiced at the success of Proctor and Gamble of Cincinnati and later of the Columbia Conserve Company of Indianapolis in their experiments with cooperation. She believed consumers' cooperation the best way to educate the workers to an understanding of economics. She said that if her people understood the cooperatives in Sweden and Denmark they would want to start them right away but of course this would not be allowed by the packing companies.

Her literary remains contain many interesting stories about different families and their struggles toward the American standard. Some of these remind us of Nexo's *Pelle the Conqueror*. She had used them for her talks about the settlement. She named unemployment as the greatest hindrance to the stabilizing of a standard of living. "It means doubling up in the house, overcrowding, taking in boarders, moving into cheaper and less sanitary quarters. Clothing becomes shabby and spirits depressed. These conditions make radicals."

Long before the depression the National Industrial Conference Board, from figures collected during the most prosperous period in our recent economic history, reported that "A very large section of our working population does not receive a wage high enough to maintain a decent standard of living."

She referred to a study made by the Cleveland Foundation during the war which showed that of the illiterates of that city only two and one-half percent were radical and fewer than that believed in any change in our political form of government. She frequently told how immigrants came over with dreams of a home on the land, with children and grandchildren to grow up about them in the beauty of nature. In a paper written during the war she said "the best Americanization would be decent housing at reasonable rates of rent, protection from padrones and a working knowledge of our laws and institutions. . . . The immigrants long to be loyal if we only give them a fair chance.* They are not radicals unless driven to it by injustice. Their kind of Socialism means a shorter working day and other legislation that will provide for old age, sickness, and accident disability."

She was delighted with the passage of the Security Bill in 1935, although she knew it was not ideal, neither what the social workers or the President of the United States wanted but the best that could be obtained under the circumstances. "The fear of poverty and dependence in old age is the worst nightmare of the self-respecting worker," said she.

Mary McDowell always made of the University of Chicago Settlement a real House of the Interpreter, as Richard Watson Gilder, poet and editor of the *Century Magazine,* said settlements should be called. At times when her friends were inclined to sympathize with her, she assured us that she never had a dull moment.

The exceeding great reward of her life was her widened area of awareness and the international point of view which she acquired. An unpublished manuscript says: "A world relationship which grew out of our close relationship with different nationalities about us developed early into a sense of international relationship. The map of Europe that hung in our settlement hall was marked with symbols indicating the country from which many of our neighbors and friends had come. It visualized to all who came in at the door the meaning of our house and the sentiments of our residents." There she was visited by Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay McDonald on their wedding trip, by Mrs. Canon Barnett of Toynbee Hall, by Mary Bondfield, labor member of Parliament, and many others.

In 1904 in the person of Thomas Masaryk, the University of Chicago Settlement entertained a prophet unawares. He at that time visioned a United States of Central Europe. He was giving a course of lectures on the Crane Foundation at the University of Chicago. Being lonesome at his hotel he often came to the settlement playground in the evenings and talked to the children in Polish, Slovak, Bohemian, and English. This acquaintance led to Mary McDowell's visit to Czecho-Slovakia in 1922 as his guest, and again in 1928 as the guest of the Bohemians of Chicago. The daily papers made much of the fact that she was decorated in Czecho-Slovakia with the Order of the White Lion and in Lithuania with the Order of St. Gedidimus, because she had been a friend of the Lithuanians in Chicago, but these honors meant most to her because they meant so much to her neighbors.

When she was in Geneva Professor Gilbert Murray described to her the discouraging experiences of the early days of the League of Nations Assembly when the small nations were bristling with their age-old hatreds and prejudices. He said: "It was in the second year of the Assembly, when on a certain occasion reasoning became impossible because of the wrangling of the small nations, that suddenly a young Czech delegate from the Czecho-Slovak Republic arose. He had lived and studied in your city, where the many nations with the many languages live together in peace, creating a new kind of civilization. He had shed his old country prejudices. It was as if a miracle had happened when he spoke. Quiet and calm came upon the Assembly and we were able to reason together."

This was most reassuring to one who believed that neighborhood understanding was the foundation of world peace and that it was not merely a dream. The older heads of settlements had great faith that democracy would work and that it would transform the kingdoms of this world into the Kingdom of God. Mary McDowell inspired her friends with this same faith. She did for the university as much as she did for her neighbors. Some things could be cited to prove it. When he introduced her in 1923, to give the Convocation address, Professor George Herbert Mead said she had provided the university with a soul.

*The Foreign Born, 1927.

The writer will never forget one very hot Sunday in June about thirty years ago, when Mary McDowell spoke in Mandel Hall. It was then the custom to have one "Settlement Sunday" each quarter, when the work and needs and purpose of the University of Chicago Settlement were presented to the student body.

This Sunday was not long after the stockyards strike, previously referred to. As head of the settlement back of the yards, Miss McDowell had become a national figure because of her stand with the strikers in their attempt to get better wages and a higher standard of living. She was introduced, as was the custom, by the head of the Settlement Board. She stood up, an ample and statuesque figure. Her appearance was always distinguished, her personality commanding. This time her simple, correctly tailored white satin was the best possible framing for her glowing face, with its black eyes and eyebrows, and iron-grey hair. She was then "Mary, the Magnificent" as one of her friends called her.

She began to speak in these words: "I want you to come to see us! Get to the 47th street car line and ride west to Ashland Avenue, turn north to Gross Avenue. Notice my neighbors along the way, around the door, and after you get inside the house. They are suffering from the heat, too, but they have no ice and no shade trees. They are lovers of the beautiful, but they must live in ugly surroundings and almost unbearable smells. They have the same wants and hopes that you have. They came to America with the same ideals that brought your ancestors. They want for their children what your parents wanted for you, but . . . " The faculty member by my side whipped out his handkerchief and began to wipe his face; the sound of his catching breath was very audible. By way of diverting my own rising emotions I looked about over the audience to see how many other handkerchiefs were in evidence. I did not see any but the fans were all poised and the air was tense. It was as if she had said to every person in the packed hall "Thou art the man!" And I knew the settlement idea had gone home.

Mary McDowell said she never felt at ease before a university audience. She was a woman of action. From the time when, as a little girl, she shook the delivery boy who brought the Cincinnati paper containing editorials against Lincoln, to her last year, she tried to do something about what was wrong. She had not the training to conduct research as desired by the university but she knew the lives of the people and from their complete confidence commanded the material upon which research must be based. She blazed the trail for the seekers of truth in the new science of Sociology, then described by Economics as "mostly an aspiration."

She never failed to emphasize the fair-minded attitude of university professors toward labor. In conversation she once said: "I think my board at the time of the Great Strike would have liked to side with the packers if they could have done so. They would have likely to be unqualifiedly with John D. Rockefeller when Ida Tarbell's history of Standard Oil made it impossible. . . . But they have never been hindered in any of their search by their donors, and are not now. . . . President Hoover appointed practically as many professors as the New Deal on his various commissions and was approved for it until somebody tried to cast aspersions on them by the term 'Brain Trust.' . . . Professors are disinterested. The forces of greed cannot understand that. They are not in politics. When they get appointments they are a continual rebuke to those who are out for what they can get for themselves. Professors depend for their livelihood upon an exact knowledge of facts, and they get their greatest pleasure out of finding truth for its own sake. This is a species unknown to the politicians." Her chief criticism of professors, implied rather than expressed, was that they were not more active in bringing about better conditions for the workers.

At the period when the church was having its discussion between fundamentalists and "higher criticism" she was thinking of what was most fundamental to the good life for her neighbors—she was studying the best ways to dispose of garbage. The open dumps back of the yards, with their flies and mosquitoes, were the greatest menace to the lives of babies and the health of all ages. She went abroad to see how incineration and reduction plants were managed in European countries. She did not mind being called "the garbage lady" or the "Duchess of Bubbly Creek," or being told that a garbage can would be carved on her tombstone.

From her early youth she had been a member of the Methodist church but in her active years she did not go to church. In later years she listened over the radio. She was much interested in Dr. Holt's studies and in his *Re-Thinking Chicago*, in Harry F. Ward's *The Profit Motive*. By 1930 the Federation of Churches had come to stand for all the things the settlements had long advocated. She regarded Canon Barnett's *Service of God* as the greatest religious book ever written. "The spiritual relief of the poor" was his statement of the purpose of living among the poor.

Citizenship became more and more her religion. Said she: "I'm not going back upon any of the earlier forms we tried to practice but forty years of living back of the yards in an industrial community, especially eight years of living under an administration that had no idea of social welfare, showed me that we must vote in a religious spirit if we are to make any progress towards social justice or human welfare. . . . Some form of community organization is the goal of all social work. People must learn to work together." She had worked heartily for the development of community centers as far back as 1911, believing that the only salvation of democracy was the development of the community spirit. But the world war put an end to anything like town-meetings. The political forces were unfriendly to the neighborhood movement. The Chicago School Board closed the centers that had been started in the public schools.

She despaired of building any permanent centers back of the yards because the best young people moved out as fast as they could. There is not left a single young person upon whom to build. They have no precedents like the getting together of the people in the schoolhouses of New England. She believed absolutely in Kagawa's ideas that the component cells of democracy must be united by love. She would have done anything practical to educate her neighbors for the city manager plan, but said it could not come in her day.

Her visit to Europe during the world war was at the request of the Y. W. C. A. to study the conditions of working women in war industries and write this up for the Y. W. C. A. magazine. She was the logical one to do this because of her experience among working

women and because of her connection with the federal investigation of women in industry, completed in 1911, in 21 volumes. She had been influential in getting the appropriation of $150,000 for this under Theodore Roosevelt and then in raising $150,000 more from other sources. She was the first president of the Illinois Womens' Trade Union League. She did not undertake the trip abroad during the war from any enthusiasm for the war, but only with the controlling purpose of her life—to do something of benefit to her neighbors. The ultimate object of the trip was to secure a program of standards in industry for all nations. This was done by the League of Nations in October, 1921.

Another vital part of her religion was her work for negroes. Her literary remains contain an excellent chapter on *Prejudice*. The Great Strike brought 70,000 negroes to work as strike-breakers, where there were already 50,000. The negro population more than doubled in two years, with no provision for them. This made it necessary for them to push eastward, even to the lake shore, where the riot started. The first generation of foreign born was not engaged in it, but the second and third generations, born in America, who had grown up under the protection of political leaders, were held largely responsible.

A few months after the riot Miss McDowell called a conference of colored and white women's clubs. Out of this came a large Interracial Committee with representatives in many large clubs, to work together for mutual understanding. This idea spread to the South and was taken up by church women of all denominations. Her interest in the New Negro was perhaps the controlling one during her last years. Some years ago she said to the writer when we were driving on Michigan Avenue through the Black Belt. "Come on, let's find an old mansion and live here the rest of our lives. It would be lots of fun."

In 1926, when the Federation of Settlements met at Pittsburgh, head residents from different cities told what they believed the goal of the movement to be. Mary McDowell said it was a method of rebuilding democracy from the bottom by means of sympathetic contacts. She approved the idea of the New York settlements that there should be a settlement in or near every schoolhouse, but said how much better it would be if the local city government had its seat in the now great empty schoolhouses, made friendly contacts, transacted its business there openly and above board for the good of its constituents, instead of caring only to build up its machine. She took great pride in the fact that Aldermen Merriam and Schwartz had office hours and knew their constituents.

To make a new world wherein should dwell righteousness, to build the Holy City out of living stones, was the inspiration of the early Christians; to build a community consciousness to be the foundation of the New Chicago as of the New Jerusalem and of World Peace was the inspiration of Mary McDowell's religion.

In Memoriam

Mary McDowell—1854-1936

Resolution Written by Graham Taylor and Adopted at the Meeting of the Chicago Federation of Settlements, Tuesday, November 10, 1936

We miss from our settlement fellowship the most human of our comrades—Mary McDowell. At this first meeting of our Chicago Federation since we were bereft of her comradeship with each of us, we leave upon our records this expression of our heartfelt affection for her, which may let other fellow workers share somewhat the inspiration of her presence.

She independently maintained her individual initiative while ever responsive to the claims of fellowship in working together.

So far from seeking any mere professional title or positions, she sought only reality in simply putting all she was or could be into her neighborly citizenship. When recently asked to register her occupation, she simply stated it to be a "citizen."

Yet where she lived "back of the Yards" became perhaps the most neighborly of all settlement households. By being a real neighbor to the families of each incoming nationality, she fairly created, or greatly facilitated, their neighborliness with each other when they were strangers.

In so doing she so identified neighborhood welfare with the city administration of public affairs that good neighbors became good citizens. Sanitary and decent disposal of the Stockyards district waste challenged both. She accepted it as being up to her as much as to any citizen to understand the problem and seek its solution. And she learned so much about it that she was finally referred to by her neighbors as "the angel of the stockyards."

When the organized employes and the great corporations in the packing industry were at strife over working conditions, she stood in the breach to acquire and promote an understanding, until she helped mediate a fair settlement of their differences by direct appeals to the labor unions and the allied operators.

From her neighborhood and city, her citizenship spread to serve many another throughout the homeland. And when the great Thomas Masaryk and his daughter carried the inspiration they acquired from "back of the Yards" to build it into the development of the Czecho-Slovak nation, Mary McDowell's citizenship was honored as that of no other American—and yet she remained simply Mary McDowell, Citizen!

The Rabble-Rouser*

HOMER LEWIS SHEFFER

The Reverend Gerald L. K. Smith has been to town!

A well-filled auditorium, seating fifteen hundred, greeted his first public appearance in Spokane. He spoke under the auspices of the Union Party.

The things I had heard and read about Gerald Smith prepared me to dislike him. When Gerald Smith came on the platform with local Union Party leaders, I realized that here was a personality. Stocky in build, he is not above the average height. Great breadth of shoulders and a barrel-chest emphasize his stoutness. His head is large, with a good forehead and pleasant eyes. His smile is infectious. In spite of all that I had heard, I found myself liking him!

Then Smith began to speak!

An old man, hard of hearing, fortified with an acousticon, sought a seat on the steps leading up to the speaker's platform. Smith immediately called him to a place among the party leaders on the platform. This was a gracious act which met with general approval.

As Smith continued, he was interrupted constantly by applause. With consummate ease, he took command of the situation and informed his audience that he would tell them when to clap. Whenever he made a point, his audience threatened to get out of bounds, and Smith would warn: "Not yet!" But when he came to a "grand" climax, he would say: "Give that a hand!" and the audience would roar its assent.

This is a familiar trick of his that seems to work. Once or twice, the crowd disobeyed him and clapped out of turn. With an angry glitter in his eyes, he turned upon them and rebuked them, and they took it.

His speech was a glorification of his friend, Huey Long, a recounting of their deeds in Louisiana, attacks upon James A. Farley and Franklin D. Roosevelt, together with impassioned defenses of the purity of women (he didn't mention men), God, home, mother, country, the Bible, and the flag. There was much wit, good and bad. I had to smile at times in spite of myself. I wanted to enjoy his raucous humor, but my heart was heavy and my mind was working critically.

Here was a great audience as gatherings go in our city. From where I sat in front, I could not see all who had come together. But I did see many people past middle age, poorly dressed, obviously from humble homes. Later a member of my church told me it was a well-dressed audience. She spoke of those she saw from the gallery. I got a different impression.

At any rate, this audience, from start to finish, through an address or harangue lasting over an hour and a half, seemed to be completely in Smith's power. As a master musician calls from his instrument the melodies he wills, the Reverend Gerald Smith called from this crowd such responses as he desired.

An elderly man, at the close, said to me enthusiastically: "He is wonderful!" I replied hotly: "He is a rabble-rouser!" Another man, well past middle life, with a refined face, spoke with deep feeling of Smith's oratory, apparently so much under the rabble-rouser's spell that he believed the Communist party, fathered by Russia, was just about ready to take over our government! This time I got hot in earnest, and fatuously argued with him about the far greater threat of Fascism. But Fascism was so unreal to this gentleman that I got nowhere.

There was an ominous undertone to all that the Reverend Gerald Smith said. Let us remember that he is a minister and proud of it! He knows God intimately, and God is for Gerald Smith.

The ominous undertone of which I speak made me feel walls closing in upon me, walls of oppression. You felt, if you were not one of the thoughtless instruments of Smith's will, that here was a man with ability to lead the mob. If chaos comes, as Smith frankly believes it will come, he promises to be ready.

There was much more to this man's rantings than an appeal for the Union Party. The Union Party was his excuse, thinly veiled, for getting recognition for Gerald Smith. His appeal was that of the mob leader who understands the soul of his mob; of the mob leader who would rise on their shoulders to power. He frankly emphasized that the election was not to be the end of his activities, that he had other goals in mind. Speaking of himself, he told us to remember what a young minister had said. Smith is under forty. I have the word of one who has interviewed him that Smith declared he would be ruthless, and ruthless in the knowledge of being right. When chaos comes . . . Yes, he is very sure of his God.

I have written at length of these first-hand impressions of Smith as a genius among platform rabble-rousers. When I first heard him on the radio I took seriously to the idea that he was a potential Fascist threat. But Smith on the radio is a small edition of Smith face to face with an audience.

I have listened to many great speakers, but never have I heard a man with more understanding of crowd psychology, and never have I heard a public speaker with greater or as great capacity to move a crowd. The organ voice of Bryan had a different effect from the thunderous tones of Smith. And the crowd believed that Smith was talking to them in defense of liberty! The morning newspaper had for its headline: "Preserve Liberty, Smith Pleads."

Here is ruthless will to power. Here is the capacity to arouse bitterness and strife. Here is personality bound somewhere if chaos comes. . .

I said that I began by liking him. I ended by hating practically everything he stood for. He even made home, mother, country seem detestable. I wanted to interrupt him at times with caustic remarks, but I recollected that I was supposed to be a liberal, ready to do battle for the right of a Smith to be

*Gerald Smith, now in temporary eclipse, remains a figure of grim significance in our American life. This article, written in the last days of the presidential campaign, vividly interprets this significance.—Editor.

heard. And so I would. His recent arrest in Louisiana (he was quickly released) is as much a blot upon American liberty as the arrest of Earl Browder for vagrancy. Smith, it is said, was arrested for attacking the state administration.

Let us turn now from personal impressions to the meaning of this man for America's future.

It seems absurd, to those of us who are informed, to talk about Communism and America in the same breath. And yet newspapers in various parts of the country are constantly parading a Communist threat. Little is said about the much more significant Fascist menace. And there is evidence of an alarming growth of Fascist sentiment.

The steady attack upon Communism, and, more to the point, the persistent identification of every departure from conservatism as Communistic is characteristic of Fascist methods. At the moment the Fascist menace is largely underground, cropping out here and there in mild oppression. But there have been also a few cases of violence in the worst Fascist tradition. So far freedom is dominant, and it should be remembered that we had violence in our tradition before Fascism became a recognized political theory.

The real Fascist terror may well appear in America if economic conditions grow steadily worse, particularly in connection with war. If chaos comes, Gerald Smith and his kind will feed and thrive upon it as ghouls strip the dead.

The menace of Gerald Smith is potential. It is not a reality of the moment. Let liberty be chopped down here and there, let unemployment increase, let another depression overtake us, let patriotic fervor take us into a disastrous war, let despair come upon the people, and then Fascism will ripen its gnarled and bitter fruit.

Then Smith and his kind will make a determined bid for power. Do not underestimate this man! If he gets loose, as he will undoubtedly try to get loose under favorable conditions, Smith will know how to act. Make no mistake about that.

Liberty is never secure. No safeguards in themselves are sufficient. Those of us who lived through the world war remember how quickly all freedom was suppressed. When a minister prayed for peace and failed to supplicate God violently for bloody victories, he was suspect. He was pro-German. The very criticism necessary to bring about peace was bottled up. The love of liberty must be strong within us if liberty is to survive in troubled times.

Local suppression of liberty now, together with local violence, indicates how fragile liberty actually is. This is a melancholy thought, and no thoughtful person enjoys being known as a calamity howler.

Whenever and wherever we liberals see liberty being whittled away in the name of common sense or in the very name of freedom itself, let us go to its rescue, or beware lest we ourselves feel tight walls about us. Our defense is our own spirit! There is none other.

A Blue Ridge Settlement

E. H. WEBSTER

It was on a Sunday in June in the year 1891 that my chum and I mounted our horses, intent upon attending divine service at the little Methodist church that stood and still stands in one of the angles in a great "Y" of roads, each leading in its own direction down into the low country. I am not sure but that our thought was to show the mountaineers "how to do it," but as we drew near the little church, one of three frame buildings in "The Flats," we found twenty or more mounts, as good as our own, tethered to the surrounding trees, among them a half dozen colts each hunting for its mother and some getting nourishment that the mother seemed glad to give. That "moving" picture was repeated for us from Sunday to Sunday during the weeks of a summer vacation as we lived among and with the mountaineers of these southern mountains.

Middle Creek is one of three creeks which rise among the Blue Ridge Mountains of northeast Georgia and southwest North Carolina, and sooner or later feed the Little Tennessee. Of the three creeks Middle Creek flows through the more arable land, and The Flats began around it and then spread in both directions. The Flats lie between Scaly Mountain (4,830 feet high) in North Carolina and Rabun Bald (4,717 feet) in Georgia. Being in two states, it is crossed by the 35th parallel. The Georgia road of the "Y" begins at Beegum Gap on the north flank of the Bald and winds among the ridges and foot-hills some four or five miles until it joins the "Y." Near the Georgia state line it is joined by a road from Walhalla, S. C., and beyond the line by a road from Rabun Gap. At the time referred to, this was the main road from Highlands into the Valley of the Little Tennessee and on to Clayton, the county seat of Rabun County, Ga. The nearest railroad station was at Tallulah Falls, Ga., and at Seneca, S. C., was a station on the (then) Piedmont Air Line (now the Southern), 50 miles away. Very few of the mountaineers had seen a train. At this time two New England lads, brought into Highlands as babes, walked the forty miles to Seneca on the morning of July Fourth, in order to celebrate that day by seeing a train come in and move on. They were successful.

Prior to the Civil War, The Flats and the region about it were part of a great range in which the farmers of the valleys of north Georgia and west South Carolina grazed their stock. So far as is known, but two families had built cabins and had cleared a bit of land, one in each state, and twelve miles apart. After 1865 the young men from the valleys followed Horace Greeley's advice, modified from "Go West" to "Go to the mountains." And gradually young men, each with a gun on his shoulder and an axe in his hand, "trekked" into the mountains, his young wife on the horse with a pack behind her that contained a few simple household goods; they followed the cow paths of the range,

found a promising piece of land, took up a claim, cleared a portion, built with the axe a small cabin, and The Flats had its beginning. In 1891 a settlement was large enough to construct a frame church and a log schoolhouse. Cow paths had become mountain roads, poor enough sometimes, and some farms had become large, and much land had been cleared, some of which possibly ought not to have been cleared. Slow-moving oxen were doing the heavy work; or some of the more ambitious of the pioneers had exchanged the ox for the horse or the mule. But even in 1891 it was an isolated community; money was scarce; neighbors exchanged labor; and when farm produce was taken to Highlands or to the Valley, the exchange was frequently made by barter. Gradually the mountaineer began to realize that the merchant made both prices, and money began to be desired. The mountain women preferred to sell their berries at the homes in Highlands at ten cents a quart to getting fifteen cents at the store in barter. Perhaps it was the "feel" of the money and not the economic advantage that was the determining factor.

The people in Highlands wore store clothes, but the mountaineers wore homespun. Every woman was an adept at all the arts involved. I have seen Aunt Sis with her left hand holding firmly a sheep upon a table while with the right hand she deftly sheared the wool as a first step. I knew that she would clean this wool, card it, spin it, dye it with dyes found among the plants of the mountains, weave it into jeans, cut it, and fashion it into a suit for the good man of the farm.

At first I declined to accept the invitation after church, "Go home with us," or "Spend the night with us." But gradually I realized that these people were a busy people, and used to the full the working days of the week. And often during the four vacations spent in The Flats I helped eat the Sunday dinner and learned how well country folks lived. Even in '91 the mountaineer had got beyond merely "hog and hominy."

Less frequently did I accept invitations to "spend the night." I recall one such occasion where my host and his wife and myself sat around the fireplace with its genial fire. We talked not so much of things of the flesh as things of the spirit; and later I was shown into an unfinished attic where upon a most comfortable bed I slept, if not "the sleep of the righteous," at least the kind of sleep that natively belongs to the righteous. In the morning as I heard movements below, indicating that breakfast was in preparation, I descended and sitting about the fireplace I asked the housewife if I might not see how she managed fireplace cooking. In my ignorance I had supposed that the vessels were hung on a crane over the flames. Not so! With a poker a little pile of hot coals was brought out upon the hearth, over this was placed a Dutch oven, into this she deftly placed the sponge of her hoe-cake, placed over this the cover, and on the cover with a fire-shovel placed more hot coals. Thus with coals above and coals below, it was not long before a batch of cornbread was ready for the morning meal. This with mountain butter and mountain honey made a dish, if not fit for a king, at least fit for a prince.

Again I recall a night in the home of the postmaster. We discussed an ample meal and then sat around the fireplace to the light of the fire, talking of the events of the day, for my host was well-read —not for a mountaineer, but well-read from any point of view. And why not, being postmaster and justice of the peace, and frequently the settlement teacher! Soon, with a kind of apology, both he and his wife brought out their pipes, picked up a little pile of ashes, upon this a hot coal, and the pipes were lighted and conversation flowed on, until the lateness of the hour sent the guest to rest.

There was one such experience that so well illustrates mountain hospitality and mountain customs under mountain limitations, that I add this account. With my host and his wife and their small children we walked up a mountain road, interesting in its newness for me and its picturesqueness. We finally came to a small house that proved to be a one-room cabin with a lean-to kitchen. My interests then as now are more with people than with things, and I do not recall that I sensed the smallness of the house or its furnishings. I presume we had a dinner, and likely a good one. I know that we sat and conversed, and that the evening hours came on apace. It was getting dusk when my host asked me if I would not like to take a walk; and being guest, I said "Yes." The moon was near the full, and we men sauntered out into the light and the quiet save for the sounds of chirping insects that make the woods musical. We returned perhaps in a half hour, and then I understood the purpose of our walk. A small lamp upon the small table was giving a dim light. In one corner was a four-poster with curtains drawn. This I was given to understand was the family chamber; in the opposite corner, with curtains still undrawn, was the guest chamber, and with a quiet gesture the man of the house indicated that there was my room, and quietly left. After the necessary preparations for sleep, I blew out the lamp, crept between the sheets. drew the curtains together, and knew nothing of the world until — it may have been the morning light in the windows, or the chickens outside, or possibly preparations for breakfast in the lean-to. The quiet of the room emboldened me, and looking out between the curtains I saw upon the small table a pitcher of water, a basin, a piece of soap, and a fresh towel. Then I understood, perhaps as did Monte Cristo, not that "the world is mine," but that "this room is mine." The breakfast opened with a word of recognition of the divine protection; the simple food hot from the stove was promptly served, and the guest went his way wondering that under such simple and naive conditions the amenities of good society had been preserved.

The postoffice in The Flats takes its name from the mountain, and is Scaly, Macon County, N. C. The office was upon a star route, and mail came twice a week: Tuesday and Friday mornings. A horseman came the ten or twelve miles from Otto; he was usually very prompt and his schedule allowed him a stop of twenty minutes. We were always waiting for him to take our out-going mail; to receive our in-coming mail; to open it hastily and to send back any message that was important and that the brief stop of the mail carrier allowed us to make up. One cannot write much under such pressure; and the Tuesday mail had to wait until Friday and the Friday mail until Tuesday. And I found that a letter to Atlanta, 150 miles distant, required a fortnight for its reply.

II

After these four summers, my own circumstances changed and I did not return to this mountain rest until 1909. I had become the proud possessor of a bit of mountain land with a good deal of scenery and a small cabin. Here, with few exceptions, I have since spent my vacation months. Perhaps in becoming a southern mountaineer, I have ceased to be a Yankee; but no! some months ago I read in the editorial column of a South Carolina paper that "We Yanks Won the War." So now we are all Yanks, myself included.

In the interim a good many things had taken place. The railroad had been extended from Tallulah Falls, 15 miles to Clayton and then to Passover (now Rabun Gap), and later to Franklin, N. C. Here is history, but this is not the place for it. But The Flats was now within eight miles of the railroad and this brought a daily mail. The picturesque grouping about the church had given way to the more prosaic farm wagon drawn by two horses (or mules) and in this wagon the kitchen chairs were placed for the women and children. Those near enough walked to church. The wagon not only served farm purposes but it opened the way to a more extended communication with the outside world, and it was not rare that a wagon-load of farm produce found its way down the mountains to the low country. Sometimes the young farmer could dispose of his load to the stores; often perhaps he had to peddle from house to house and thus extend his trip far afield. The week-end might find him at home again with sufficient money to be counted, it may be, as fair wages.

But the young men got acquainted with the low country, saw its more fertile fields, its larger communities, and its more varied interests, and gradually one after another of these sons of the mountains sold the ancestral acres and ceased to be mountaineers. Such farms found eager purchasers in the planters in the valleys who wished to add to their grazing acres. A number of these small farms had been gathered into a few large fields, and here the new owners placed their renters in part to look after the stock and in part to cultivate the cultivatable portions. Thus The Flats which had been a settlement of farm owners became mixed, with the farm renter very much in evidence. And the attitude of the renter toward public affairs is different from the attitude of the man who owns his farm.

In my earliest years at The Flats there was a rumor abroad that the government was planning to purchase the mountain lands to provide a defense against spring floods in the lowlands by control of the headwaters of the mountain streams. In confirmation of this rumor, speculators appeared who wished to take options on the farm lands. While this was very indefinite in my own mind, I recall that frequently money was paid to hold an option for six months. It is quite likely that these men were not speculators themselves, but advance agents to spy out the land. When I returned I found that large mountain areas had been gathered by lumber companies, one of which, "The Three States Lumber Company," had, as its name suggests, gathered up these options into large tracts in Georgia, South and North Carolina, lands enclosing the headwaters of the Chattooga River, adown whose waters the company floated its logs to their saw-mills. It seems fair to say that this was a purely speculative movement. The expectation was that the government would purchase these lands at a high price per acre; and until that was done the company would get a fair profit out of the lumber.

III

Four summers passed. It was 1913. The rumored Government Project had become a fact. The lumber companies had sold their lands—as they had hoped. The Nantahala National Forest was outlined and the process of gathering in the mountain land had begun. Large as had been the holdings of the Three States Lumber Company in the minds of the mountain farmers, these were small beside the area of the National Forest. This includes the basins of the Chattooga and the Tallulah Rivers, which form the Savannah; some of the headwaters of the Chattahoochee; the basins of the Hiwassee and the Little Tennessee, tributaries of the larger Tennessee; and those of the Nantahala and the Tuckasegee, tributary basins to the Little Tennessee.

Ordinarily, "the government" is to most of us an impersonal thing. But occasionally we awake to its reality. So it was with the people in The Flats. The mountain farmers had always been a law-abiding community, and, save for paying the annual tax—which was never large—and occasionally serving on the jury at the county seat, each did about "that which was right in his own eyes." Being socially—and not anti-socially minded, neighborliness and mutual helpfulness had become the "common law" of the community. But now "government" began to impress itself vividly upon the public consciousness. As the purchases of the familiar mountains became frequent, and as the Settlement was finding its boundaries more and more circumscribed as Scaly Mountain and Rabun Bald became government land, the people of The Flats became alarmed and wondered what the government was going to do not "for" but "with" them.

The feeling became so acute that it seemed that some one should say something. I wrote to the Department in Washington, stating that The Flats of Middle Creek represented an agricultural community with a school population of some sixty or more children, that the people were alarmed at what seemed the steady encroachment of the National Forest within which they were located. Was the government going to buy them out, and if so at what price? The reply came back promptly, and was in effect: "The government is buying mountain land and not agricultural land. Therefore, carry out your spring plans as usual." We might have thought this through ourselves, but this communication from Washington cleared the atmosphere, and the farmers went back to their work recognizing that, though within the National Forest, they were not a part of it.

IV

Somewhere during the Taft administration, one of the younger men in The Flats, with some money he had saved and some that he borrowed, bought the chassis of a Ford truck and built the cab and the body, and with the printed directions taught himself to drive. That was twenty or more years ago. There are men and women in The Flats, children at that time, who still recall the service

of a Sunday afternoon in the Methodist Church, when suddenly there came the honk-honk of an approaching auto. Incontinently we all left the church — the preacher, the singers, the men, the women, and the children — and stood upon the low bluff over the road in time to see two cars (were they Fords?) pass swiftly before us, around a curve in the road and out of sight. The first cars that had ventured to climb the mountain from Dillard to and through The Flats and on to Highlands! That simple experience of a Sunday afternoon was prophetic of a new chapter in the story of The Flats. The truck was suggested by these two cars, and was the first truck in the region. Within three years every owner of a farm and some of the renters owned a truck or a car. The theater of activity was tremendously widened. The two-horse farm wagon practically disappeared; the horses were used to raise the crop; the car or the truck to market the products. Five thousand pounds of cabbage could be cut, say, on Monday and be in Atlanta ready for business Tuesday morning when the Curb Market opened. The widening of the market led to an increased demand; and this demand the mountains strove to supply. Somewhat as a snowball rolled along in the snow grows to almost unbelievable proportions, so the business of the mountains grew. The men of the mountains were getting world-minded, almost cosmopolitan. Old lands were built up; new land was cleared. The Blue Ridge Mountains of western North Carolina and northern Georgia were becoming a truck-farm for the towns and cities of growing populations, as far away as Atlanta, Macon, and even Jacksonville. A more intensive farming, the use of commercial fertilizers, the conservation of barn-yard compost, were factors in this chapter of mountain history. Every one now rotates his crops: if cabbage this year, corn next year, and potatoes the third. Even beans have come in, and one learns that underneath the beans is a crop of potatoes, already sold for the fall market.

V

Whatever the mountains may have been in the nineties of the last century, they are now no longer static but dynamic. The coming-in of the auto truck is not the last word in the sociologic and economic evolution of The Flats. Not only were the farmers trucking their produce into the wider area thus opened, but in the early twenties an occasional truck came in from the low country seeking a load for itself, and, finding it, would return again and again. More trucks came in with the same errand, and as the years have passed a new chapter in the story has opened. Today, and for several years, about all the farmer has to do is to raise the crops and the world comes to his doors. The problem is no longer to find a market, for now Mahomet comes to the mountains.

On a Saturday evening in August one of these farmers in coming up the mountain passed in nine miles seven trucks loaded with cabbage. The trucks have been getting larger and larger from year to year, and these were probably five-ton trucks. Each was probably overloaded, but taking it at five tons per truck, the total was thirty-five tons, or seventy thousand pounds. At one dollar per hundred, these truckmen had left $700.00 in the region that day. And during a week in early September, the postmaster, past whose door all trucks on the road must pass, estimated that that week 300,000 pounds of cabbage had passed to the low country. Surely the mountains have demonstrated "their right to be."

VI

Here are two groups of men for whom I have a great respect. My mind harks back to the childhood of my grandfather in the 30's and 40's of the last century. At that time, as I phrase it, everybody was his own employer. Today, in contrast, most of us are employes. And the difference in stamina between employer and employe is marked. Out of this mountain region there has evolved a group of men who have not met the call to Detroit or into the textile factory, or, having met these, have refused the call. These are the mountaineers of the Blue Ridge. With them is the other group, these from the low country who have seen an opportunity to create businesses for themselves and, getting hold of a truck, have become the connecting link between the food demand of the populous centers and the food supply of the mountains.

Talk as we please about the labor problem, the crux of the situation lies in the superabundance of laborers who compete with each other for "jobs," and the competition is keen. These two groups to which I refer create their own jobs and are their own employers.

The Old Lady

MAY STRANATHAN

A Victorian she was, the old lady. She has now gone to her own place among the majority of the Victorians, and the children to whom she used to read Bible stories are now young men and women. No matter about the result of the controversy over reading the Bible in the public schools, this group of children, from Emma, twelve, down to Lawrence, five, knows the stories of Ruth and Naomi, David and Goliath, Moses in the bulrushes, Samson and his escapades, Saul and Jonathan, of the boy Samuel, and many others. Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish children alike who lived in the neighborhood, gathered on the front porch in the evenings to hear these tales from the King James version.

She read other things besides the Bible to these children, most of her selections being from Victorian authors. Her favorites, which also became the favorites of her audience, included Tennyson's *May Queen,* Longfellow's *Hiawatha,* Jean Ingelow's *Songs of Seven,* Aldrich's *Baby Bell,* Mrs. Browning's *Romance of the Swan's Nest,* and the religious poems of Frances Havergal. Yet the old lady was no molly-coddle in her literary tastes and would read W. S. Gilbert's *Yarn of the Nancy Bell* and John Hay's *Little Breeches,* to the delight of the little boys. She had read and loved the poems of Emily Dickinson years before the genius of this poet had been widely proclaimed. Of the moderns, she loved and quoted most Theodosia Garrison and Angela Morgan.

If the old lady had a faint glimmering that she had lived over into an age that knew not Longfellow and rejected Tennyson, she ignored the matter. She was spared the blow of learning that her stainless hero, King Arthur of the Round Table, had been dubbed "That odious fellow" by Mr. Belloc, or that *The Waste Land* had received a three thousand dollar prize on the supposition that it was a poem. If she sometimes picked up a thin volume of vers libre left on the living room table by a careless daughter, the old lady would look through it with a puzzled air and discard it with the remark that she could "make nothing of that stuff."

Freudians could, no doubt, have found food for speculation in the old lady's admiration for Lord Byron. "Poor Byron," she would say, defending him before all detractors with the zeal of a flapper defending the doctrine of free love. What curious complex was it that caused this exemplary matron, the mother of ten children, to so admire this literary reprobate and never to forgive Harriet Beecher Stowe for taking sides with Lady Byron?

The old lady felt keenly the "abomination of desolation" which followed the world war. She was convinced that this conflict had ushered in the years of horrors to precede the millenium according to scriptural prophecy. In support of this belief she studied and quoted the Bible, drawing an analogy between these prophecies and the headlines in the daily papers telling of deeds of violence and degeneracy. It was happily permitted her to go into the silence ignorant of the rude toppling of her literary and moral idols from their thrones and the setting up in their places of Bael and Ashtoreth, and the polluting of the temple courts by the tears of women weeping for Tammuz.

After spending the greater part of her life in a small town the old lady experienced all the joys of a debutante when she came to the city to live and attended her first Shakesperean play. She treasured the memory of those red-letter days when she saw Julia Marlowe as Juliet, Forbes Robertson as Hamlet, Maude Adams as Peter Pan, and heard Caruso and Eames in *Il Trovatore*. She preserved pictures of these great ones in their favorite roles, as the girls of those days treasured pictures of Rudolph Valentino.

The old lady in her prime had belonged to the epoch of home-made garments. She had been accustomed to make over her own out-of-style and worn dresses, and those of contributing relatives, for her little girls; and to clothe the little boys, for the most part, with the better portions of their father's discarded trousers. She had a natural genius for needlecraft, and it was her boast that on one occasion she had cut out and made a pair of trousers for one of the boys before schooltime in the morning and had sent him to school wearing them. This, in addition to preparing breakfast for the family, curling the hair of two small girls and doing many other of the tasks that fall to the mother of a big family. And it was but the other day I heard a woman columnist, old enough to know better, tell a group of newspaper women that the old-time homemaker knew nothing of the speed and stress in which the business woman of today lives.

The old lady was never able to understand the shiftlessness of her grown-up daughters who refused to utilize their evenings and holidays from office or school in making their own clothes. She had a sort of puzzled resentment when they passed by her hints that they help her in planning and making these garments from her store of old-fashioned finery saved from her own days of better fortune. So the old lady planned by herself, turning and sorting her remnants and contriving conceits of needlework long after the ability to carry out her plans had left her. She sometimes took revenge on her indifferent daughters by reminding them that persons who had known them when they were children said they were not now nearly so well dressed as when their mother made the dresses for them all. Nor could the daughters deny these statements nor the truth of them.

Pride in her sewing was not the only vanity of the old lady. That she had been a beauty in her youth was confirmed not alone by her comeliness in age, but also by the testimony of old friends and admirers, who frankly told her girls that none of them was so good looking as their mother had been. Girlish vanity, put away for many years of busy wifehood and motherhood, returned with the leisure of later life and the old lady took much pride in her dainty ginghams and dimities, her best silk gown, her fluffy shawls and other articles of wearing apparel. She gave much thought to what she should wear when there was company for dinner.

The old lady spent much time looking over her store of finery. There was her Paisley shawl, which her granddaughter thought would make a fine evening wrap for herself. There was her fine black cashmere shawl which she had worn during her earlier years of widowhood. There was her long plush coat, so fine it could scarcely be distinguished from the real seal buttons on it. In fact she always referred to this coat as a sealskin one. There was her big scarf for dressy wear in warmer weather, with its stripes of blue, green, orange, black, and white. When it was bought long ago, these were known as Roman stripes, but now, when her daughter borrowed it for a festive evening out, she called it the latest thing in Egyptian antiquity.

There was the old lady's watch with its long and tasselled gold chain, her most cherished possession. This was a relic of the prehistoric days before the advent of the stem-winder and it had to be wound up with a key. There were her tiny caps of filmy lace with their lavender and blue ribbons, with perhaps a tiny pink rosebud tucked away amid the lace. She loved her caps, most of which were gifts, and persisted in wearing them despite the protest of her daughters that they hid her beautiful white hair and made her look older. Then there were many pieces of fine neckwear, reminders of the days of real lace and web-like embroideries.

The old lady, shut away from many of the interests of the times which passed her by unheeded and unheeding, still had much enjoyment in her life, despite her longing for her old home. She had her little girl friends who came and sat with her and sometimes took supper with her when her daughter was absent. These children were always willing to go and bring ice-cream for the old lady on a hot evening, since they were always invited

to remain and help eat it. She had her particular girl chum, the twelve-year-old Emma, with whom she shared some secrets kept from the members of her family. She would sometimes watch for Emma to pass on her way to school and would say to her in a confidential tone, "Can you come over this afternoon after school, Emma? I am going to be alone and have something to tell you." And Emma seemed to enjoy being the girl friend of the old lady and gladly shared her confidences. Their worst secret that was ever discovered was the reading aloud of Lord Byron's farewell poem to his wife after she had left him.

Time was kind to the old lady, causing her to forget or to remember faintly the stress and storms of her long life—the vexations, the terrors, the toil and the torture of bearing and rearing her large family. She seemed to remember only the pleasant places of her past, with here and there a sorrow softened and dimmed. The lines of her face, made hard and angular by her strenuous years, now regained something of their rounded contour of youth as she approached the twilight preceding her going into her final sleep. There was at times a wistful look of inquiry, as if she were wondering what it was that life had done to her; as though she had returned in spirit to the days when she first met her husband, and was trying to account for the strange and selfish man into which this lover had been transformed; and for her children, now grown and strange. She seemed to wonder how it came she was living in a city with an unknown woman, said to be her daughter. She was as a homesick little child.

The old lady's father had been a minister and she had once told her daughter, a little boastfully, how she had been the first one to go forward during a protracted meeting and profess religion, thus starting scores of others toward the mourner's bench and bringing about one of the greatest revivals in all the country round. When she became "old and full of sleep" and she knew that ere long she must leave her earthly tabernacle, she asked for no preacher nor for any prayers, but seemed satisfied to make the change without benefit of clergy.

Babson's Sofa Services

GEORGE R. GROSE

The recently elected Moderator of the Congregational General Council, Roger W. Babson, has proposed some novel innovations in church services. In a full-page advertisement entitled, "A Message to Ministers," in the September issue of *Advance,* general organ of the Congregational and Christian churches, Moderator Babson asks for a complete re-organization of Sunday services.

The Babson set-up calls for five services on Sunday, with a fifteen-minute sermon, holding some services in parish houses, and furnishing the rear third of the church auditorium with easy chairs and sofas. Mr. Babson informs ministers that "laymen believe in evangelism and missions," and that they are "glad to hear ministers preach when they are 'all excited' about something." He thinks, however, that the minister is not likely to be excited every Sunday in the year, and consequently is unable to arouse the interest of laymen to regular church-going pitch. In his opinion laymen can make more profitable use of their time at home, reading or listening to the radio, than by attending church and listening to a discouraged minister preach.

The well-known financial forecaster makes the further observation that, instead of the minister "spoiling the laymen's day for other things" by holding an hour-and-a-half service in the middle of the day, he should "build the ship to suit the passengers," that is, the laymen.

Mr. Babson, expert in finance statistics, counsels ministers to "use no written sermons, except when especially inspired." But in whatever form, the minister's talks should be limited strictly to fifteen minutes. The same talk should be repeated at 8 a. m., 11 a. m., and 5 p. m. Unfortunately he gives no formula by which the minister can determine whether he is sufficiently inspired to make it desirable to write his fifteen minute sermon, or just to talk "all excited."

Whatever one may think of Babson's financial charts, one wonders if his Sunday chart is well authenticated. These counsels of Moderator Babson are amateurish and have a tone of cocksureness that makes one a bit incredulous. They are doubtless sincere, but none the less fanciful and chimerical.

However, it is not Mr. Babson's proposed innovation that is disturbing. His underlying assumption is that laymen are a physically soft company of folks, who must be provided with upholstered seats, while their jaded minds are prodded into a state of excitement by an "all-excited minister"—for fifteen minutes *only.* Unless the minister reaches a certain emotional pitch in his kindergarten performance, the precious time of "laymen who believe in the church and love the church" will be "spoiled for other things."

There is here no suggestion of serious instruction in spiritual values by one who is presumed to be a specialist in things of the spirit; no self-discipline in giving attention to high and holy matters; no obligation on the part of worshippers, except to expose their sponge-like minds for a half-hour once a week to religious talks, while their bodies lounge on sofas or in easy chairs. If the services of the church must be adapted with such nicety to soft, pampered bodies, jaded juvenile minds, caring chiefly for thrills and diversion, the game is not worth the candle.

Moderator Babson is right in saying that the people are not interested in a mechanically-produced sermon, and that it is not profitable to listen to a discouraged minister preach. However, the writer ventures to suggest to Mr. Babson that the alternative of a mechanical, dry-as-dust sermon is not a religious pink-tea, served to sofa-loungers. The people want to hear something from the minister that will stimulate their thinking on the deeper things of life, that will send their hungry souls to spiritual resources that will satisfy, that will open windows with long vistas and boundless horizons, that will gird them with courage and hope for the conflict and struggle of life, and that will inspire them to greet the Unseen with a cheer.

Mr. Babson is attacking the problem of Sunday services from the wrong end. It is not change in the

externals of public worship that is needed. Chairs and sofas and a stop-clock on the minister and pumped-up enthusiasm will not solve the problem of church attendance. Intellectual freshness and vigor in preaching, creating an atmosphere of reverence and devotion that will inspire true worship; warmth and sympathy in Christian fellowship, challenging men's consciences with a sense of the Eternal Presence—these things alone will exalt and make indispensable the hour of public worship for spiritual culture.

The Study Table

Bertha von Suttner

BERTHA VON SUTTNER. *By C. E. Playne. London, England: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd. 8s. 6d. net.*

To review a book written about a friend is a privilege. The author, Miss C. E. Playne, of Hampstead, London, has already given us a book twice the size of this on *The Neuroses of the Nations* and also a book on *The Pre-War Mind of Britain.* Both are psychological studies of the collective mind, based on great research and accumulation of data. Miss Playne has long been a co-worker in the cause of world organization with the Hon. Ramsay Macdonald, Sir Norman Angell, Dr. G. P. Gooch in England, and with many leaders on the continent.

Probably no woman in Europe is better fitted than the author to review the life of the ablest European woman who, from young womanhood down to her seventieth year, in 1914, was a dominant force in the peace movement and a recipient of the Nobel peace prize. After years in Vienna, Wiesbaden, Venice and other cities; after the training of her beautiful voice with the possibility of becoming an opera singer; after many gay, romantic experiences, Bertha Kinsky, born in Prague of Slav origin, met her fate in the person of Arthur von Suttner. Their extraordinary close comradeship and complete devotion to each other, hardly being separated for a day for twenty-six years, were rare and ideal. Together, for years in the beautiful mountains of the Caucasus, they carried on their literary work at adjacent tables but, strangely enough, not consulting over this work until their books appeared in print.

In pre-suffrage days, when most women led a somewhat circumscribed life, Frau von Suttner, known in all her later years as Baroness, led a life of singular freedom, originality, and wide influence. One of her books, published anonymously, *The Age of Machines,* showed true insight into the notable change that science and invention had created, and was attributed by readers to the authorship of several eminent men. She told enthusiastic readers, "I really must get the book and read it!" But her masterpiece was *Lay Down Your Arms,* a novel of 1889, which startled the public like an explosion, was translated into eight languages, and reached its twelfth expensive edition in 1895. The Baroness' acquaintance with Alfred Nobel, inventor of dynamite, was most useful and rewarding. She supplied him with the Peace Review, which she edited, and had much intercourse with him. As is well known he left thirty-five million Swedish kroner to found five annual prizes. One of them, the peace prize, was to be given by the Norwegian Parliament "for the most work for the fraternization of mankind, for the reduction of armies and the advance of Peace Congresses."

Baroness von Suttner came into close contact with Count Apponyi of Budapest, and with all the peace workers, including Randall Cremer who, with Lord Rosebury, broached as early as 1893 and 1894 plans for an International Arbitration Tribunal and a permanent Central Court. With Frederic Passy, they were great constructive leaders in the effort which culminated in the first Hague Conference after the Tsar's astounding rescript in August, 1898. This opened on May 18, 1899, which day marks an epoch in the history of the peace movement. The conference was held in the great circular hall in the Queen's House in the Wood, and secret sessions were held. The Baroness was urged by Ambassador Andrew D. White to use all her influence with important persons present. She collaborated there with Jean de Bloch, author of the two great volumes on the *Future of War,* with the Destournelles de Constant, Felix Moscheles, Leon Bourgeois, William T. Stead and many others. She and her husband were a great influence in the press and in their many journeys to Scandinavia and other countries.

Space forbids discussion of the local peace societies formed by the Suttners, of the step taken by Theodore Roosevelt in inaugurating the Hague Arbitral Tribunal over a little old issue between the United States and Mexico. After a year of agony during her husband's last illness, the bereaved wife came to the greatest International Peace Congress, which was held in Boston in 1904. It was this reviewer's privilege to present her to a crowded audience in Park Street Church, together with Julia Ward Howe, Miss Jane Addams, and the brilliant Chinese lady, Dr. Yamei Kin. The horror of the Russo-Japanese war was shocking us then and the Baroness recalled "that nine-days' battle where 50,000 bodies covered the ground and where the wounded had been lying nine days without help." At the banquet when she talked with Dr. Bliss Perry and Prof. William James, she spoke of the deep concern of everybody on board ship when they thought they saw one man clinging for life to a wrecked ship; but when the Marconi message came that 20,000 had been killed in the war in Asia, the news was received with indifference. After the week's meetings, held simultaneously in great halls, delegates assembled in other cities in the East. I accompanied the Baroness to New York where she addressed a meeting at Cooper Union, then to Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other places. She had an interview with President Roosevelt who said: "Be assured, dear Baroness, that world peace will come, but it will come step by step." When in 1911 Andrew Carnegie, with whom she corresponded, gave ten million dollars to the Carnegie Peace Foundation, she said, "It is not the sum which gives an impulse to the cause—one single dreadnaught costs more—but the character of the donor and his supporters . . . the one aim set forth is to do away with the foulest blot on civilization."

In 1911, during her dread about the Balkan war, she spent about six months in America going to the Pacific coast and speaking in Boston, Rochester, St.

Louis, Atlanta, Chicago, Buffalo and many other cities, meeting President Taft, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, Joseph Choate and our most distinguished citizens. In 1913 she was present at the official opening of the Hague Peace Palace, the gift of Andrew Carnegie, and commented: "The present which Andrew Carnegie made to the world cost him a couple of millions, which, if the full use that it is destined for is carried out, will save the world untold millions. If, roundabout, a host of people, devoid of understanding, merely smile at the building, pointing derisively at the Balkan wars and increases in armaments, their mockery stultifies nothing. Nothing new and big comes into the world without being accompanied by the derisive laughter of fools." During the last anxious year of her life before the Sarajevo catastrophe, she said: "It is ever more clearly and pressingly apparent that only by a union of West and Central Europe can the affairs of the Near East be put in order and our whole continent be protected from universal conflagration."

LUCIA AMES MEAD.

Voltaire—Prophet and Reformer

VOLTAIRE. *By Alfred Noyes. New York: Sheed and Ward. 1936.*

Alfred Noyes' *Voltaire* will for a long time make all other lives of the great French reformer obsolete and unnecessary. If they are still read, they must be checked up with Noyes' work, because he has read them all and pointed out their innumerable errors. And full of errors they are. With the possible exception of Morley, biographies of Voltaire up to Noyes have carried on a legendary caricature of this many-sided man.

For the greater part of the eighteenth century, Voltaire was the recognized master of European letters. The eighteenth century was one of revolt against institutionalism, the rise of deism, and the attempt to establish justice instead of inherited tyranny. Voltaire, like one of the Hebrew prophets, thundered against oppression. He wrote much about institutionalized religion, and, after his death in 1778, the legend started that he mas irreligious, even an atheist and a blasphemer. The legend stuck. One arm-chair biographer after another repeated what his predecessors had written.

When shall we get rid of this kind of thing? How futile much of the historical and biographical writing has been! Not heeding the injunctions of Herodotus and Thucydides, historians, biographers, and teachers of literature have repeated, parrot-fashion and uncritically, the things they have read. Even Ph.D. theses have been of this same sort of rehashing. Only today, when the science of archaelogy is compelling students to go to the sources of knowledge, are we beginning to stop the foolish procedure of the late past. Instead of reading books *about* something, we are at last beginning to read the something itself. Noyes has read what has been written about Voltaire, and he has found it empty and incorrect. He has found it incorrect because he has read Voltaire himself, searched the contemporary documents, and written a new interpretation based on fact and not on legendary gossip.

Only the other day a teacher of literature, a student of religion, said to me: "Voltaire used to say *Ecrasez l'Infâme,* and he meant that he wanted his attack aimed at Christ." Nor would this teacher consider that he might be wrong. He had always been told what he was repeating. I hope he will read Noyes' *Voltaire.* But the sad fact is that almost all teachers of literature are like this one I have mentioned. Noyes definitely corrects these false notions with the facts: Voltaire was a "wandering scholar," a sort of later Erasmus, a belated man of the Renaissance. He fought institutionalism when it impeded justice. (So did Isaiah. Read Isaiah, chapter one. But, of course, Isaiah's contemporaries considered him an enemy of religion.) Voltaire, Noyes points out, and furthermore *proves,* was not a blasphemer but a reformer. And he believes that now that "there seems to be a growing readiness to appreciate some of the great qualities in eighteenth-century poets like Pope it is possible that similar qualities, on a much larger and more original scale, may once more be discernible in Voltaire."

In dedicating his tragedy, *Mahomet,* to Pope Benedict XIV, Voltaire confounded his opponents. But nevertheless they hounded him for the rest of his life. Justice, however, was bound to come. In 1791 the National Assembly decreed that his body should be buried with all honor in the city that had persecuted him so relentlessly. He now lies in the Panthéon in Paris awaiting a full vindication of the falsehoods and legends that tried to defame a lover of truth, a champion of justice. And Alfred Noyes has done his part well. Let us hope that he will continue this study with a selected volume of Voltaire's letters which have been so well described as "contemporary with all the ages."

C. A. HAWLEY.

Dramatic Personalities

JEFFERSON IN POWER. *By Claude G. Bowers. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin. $3.75.*

ROBESPIERRE. *By G. J. Renier. New York: Appleton-Century Company. $1.50.*

GENGHIS KHAN. *By Ralph Fox. New York: Harcourt Brace & Company. $3.00.*

In *Beveridge* and *The Tragic Era* (as elsewhere noted) Mr. Claude G. Bowers, disheartened by overweening Republican dominance, peered pensively backwards upon the Progressivism of the Nineties, taking its greatest altitude. Inspired, apparently, by what remains of Rooseveltian Recovery, he now takes up the tale (so well begun in *Jefferson and Hamilton*) of democracy triumphant, and portrays, with his usual cameo-like characterization, supple style, and time-worn clichés, the rule of Thomas Jefferson, dictator and dogmatist, philosopher and demagogue, democrat and aristocrat, Democracy's patron saint for over a century. One may remark, by way of prefatory, that the sequel scarcely measures up to the original—or is it that Mr. Bowers, making the mistake common to successful literateurs of eternal mannerism, has passed his meridian and is entering upon his decline? We put the question, but do not attempt to answer it, before very briefly retracing the story of Democracy's heyday: a recital which, especially in view of its recent overthrow before Reaction in ermine, can hardly fail to fascinate all Americans interested in the riddle of civilization.

After first swiftly sketching the social background, our author preludes his performance with Jefferson's democratic court, and the *deus ex machina* himself, in tableau—then the drama (and even melodrama, for so Mr. Bowers will ever make it) hurries on its way: Jefferson's "Robespierrian proscriptions"; first clash with Hamilton over taxation; opening guns in the war on the judiciary; a melodramatic interlude, culminating in the Louisiana Purchase, with Federalists dangling

before our hero's eyes the ugly mask of treason; downfall of Hamilton at Weehawken before Burr's murderous pistol; an impressive plebiscitic approval of Democracy's doings; war on the judiciary in good earnest, culminating in an ominous impeachment catastrophe; Randolph's fatal democratic cleavage over the Yazoo frauds, followed closely by the equally menacing Burr conspiracy; darkening war-clouds, forecasting 1812, with lightnings playing over *Leopard* and *Chesapeake;* further mummickings by Federalism behind its treasonous mask; Jefferson's counter-stroke, the Embargo; catastrophes concomitant compelling its repeal; curtain-call for Thomas Jefferson; and the retirement of the sage to Monticello, there to spend his last days watching his successors deal with various dilemmas thoughtfully bequeathed to them, while at the same time leaving his country a golden heritage of liberal tradition, vastly increased territory, freed press and rostrum, judiciary both purged and purified, together with a reduced debt and an abundant commercial prosperity.

Thus Mr. Bowers on the two administrations of Thomas Jefferson—inferior to its predecessor though his book may be, he must at least be given credit for a completed story, something as good as *Beveridge* and immeasurably better than *The Tragic Era*: a most pleasurable volume, packed with portraits of the great, whose mere recital would approximate a roster of American eminence; instinct with action, color, humor, and the perhaps inevitable partisan bias—a volume, to sum up matters, which we are willing to accord a place upon our shelves beside *Jefferson and Hamilton,* at once its complement and its conclusion.

* * *

Monsieur G. J. Renier turns a facile pen upon Robespierre, France's revolutionary saint. Disregarding, as perforce we must, his thesis, that revolutions are entirely ineffectual, and concentrating on his picture of Robespierre, we see flitting across this Eighteenth-Century shadow stage the studious, rosestrewn youth of Maximillien; France's mingled economic and doctrinal ferment; collapse of the Ancien Regime in chaotic bankruptcy, with assemblage of the States General; Robespierre's slow rise to eminence during its transmutation into the National Assembly; his sea-green incorruptibility coming to dominate, first the royal overthrow at August 10, then the September defense and massacres, and finally enfolding France mantlewise in a cold devastating dictatorship which slaughtered en masse within the country its enemies as those of France; which (to do it justice) summoned, from utter ruin and chaos, armies which hurled back the foreign foe on every front; culminating finally in a universal Terror, from the height of which it plunged into an abyss of oblivion.

And the moral of the tale? M. Renier has radically retouched Robespierre's previously existing portrait: wiped away are the meanness, cowardice, vindictiveness, casuistry, so richly applied by Taine, Aulard, Madelin —and, in their place, remains a character more congenial to Mathiez: a "penetrating intelligence," an apostle of "freedom, equality, justice, all of them as a means towards human happiness." Our artist accomplishes this questionable feat, partly by blackening his hero's principal enemies (we had almost said, victims), Danton amongst them; partly by mellowing certain incidents in Maximillien's chequered career. For ourselves, we confess that, while actual enough, this portrait is M. Renier's least satisfactory; and, as we close his book, Robespierre, the Sea-Green Incorruptible, the murderer of little Lucile Desmoulins, who but heads a pitiful host; the prig, the self-worshipper devoid of chivalry, mercy, generosity, remains, regarding us with those emerald eyes, whose crafty impenetrability still leaves behind little doubt of his intentions, however charitably their results may be painted.

* * *

As war once again flickers over the Eastern horizon, and the warlords mass their myriads for an apparently inevitable onslaught, the long shadow of Asia's greatest warlord falls across the scene, and Temujin-Chingis, or Genghis Khan, rises from Ralph Fox's epic pages to ride the whirlwind and direct this approaching Asiatic storm. Whether or not such war will witness an incarnation of the legend, passes human knowing, but to invoke that awesome figure cannot fail to interest our readers: we propose,

(*Continued on page* 140)

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(*Continued from page* 139)

therefore, to recall the life and times of him whom earth has universally acclaimed Emperor of all Men.

After an ironical preludium, having as its motif the desiccation of Harold Lamb, Mr. Fox first apostrophizes his protagonist in a swift infernal overture, after which he releases his main orchestral accompaniment in one long martial torrent, together with his drama, act by act: slumberous, desolate Asia, contrasted with flowering Europe, on eve of more fearful awakening; the aroused Mongols, stirred from nomadic lethargy beneath the lash of Temujin's father; embloodied birth of the future conqueror; his youth and early struggles; his first investiture as Chingis-Khan, supported by his paladins, Subotai-Massena and Chepe-Murat; temporary eclipse before the overweening Wang Khan of the Keraits, or *Prester John;* downfall of Jamuga, Temujin's deadliest enemy; grand ordination as GENGHIS KHAN, accompanied by final assemblage of the Mongol military machine—and the unloosing upon thirteenth-century Eurasia of that dread tempest which, beginning with Prester John's Kerait kingdom, swept from earth the decadent Chinese dynasties, the full-fruited Persian Kharismian empire, and the infant Russian hegemony, in one great tidal wave of destruction; continuing after the death of its founder, in fury which surged up to the very gates of Vienna and halted only at the Mameluke ramparts of the Sphynx, with Tamerlane and Baber, to burst its Himalyan barriers and establish a stable empire in India enduring until the nineteenth century.

So much for the colossal energy-tornado, destructive and constructive, both dramatized and explained by Ralph Fox: and, be it said in passing to his credit, he has seized upon the utter, and hitherto unrevealed, secret of this great Mongol conqueror, "for which we can no more account [wondered a Western pedant] than the genius of Shakespeare," displaying his revelation to the fullest possible extent in a book combining scholarly insight with flaming enthusiasm for that fiery spectacle which was his task. Genghis Khan, Emperor of all Men, really *lives* within these pages: "resourceful, careful, cruel and treacherous," leading his people to victories and cruelties unprecedented in the history of the world. Greatest of conquerors, greatest of statesmen, greatest, in many respects, of all historical personalities save that unbelievable Nazarene who (in person of St. Francis) seems to confront him supreme, raising against this mightiest sword of Flesh that still more invincible sword of Spirit—Mr. Fox portrays his supremacy in the realm of force, creating at once a prose epic and a biography reasonably certain to be the last and final word on the most indomitable Caesar of all time.

R. C. Schaller.

The Field

(*Continued from page* 122)

rule of her living was the categorical imperative of a clean conscience: So act that the maxim of thy action may become at the same time a universal law. What a different place this world would be if the maxim of her action should become the law of our hearts, of all hearts! What a brighter and happier world, if her faith, her human interest, her love of justice and peace, her desire to help, could shine in our hearts as in hers! Without knowing it, she broadened and enriched many lives. And without knowing it, she made many people feel guilty because she reminded them of their better but neglected selves.

But this feeling of self-reproach is by no means the strongest feeling she awakens. Stronger than the self-reproach is the gratitude, the sense of triumph and elation. Like Valiant-for-Truth, she has done her work according to her light and up to the full measure of her strength. And now if we listen, we can almost hear, very faint and far-off, the silver trumpets pealing their welcome Home to her dauntless Spirit!

Charles E. Park,
Minister, First Church, Boston.

Harvard Hall of Fame

Harvard's fifty greatest graduates have been chosen by a distinguished committee of selectors in compiling a Harvard Hall of Fame in connection with the university's celebration of its tercentenary.

The list was published by the Boston *Herald,* in a special magazine section in observance of Harvard's tercentenary. Living alumni were eliminated from consideration by the judges.

The Hall of Fame follows:

ADAMS, CHARLES FRANCIS
ADAMS, JOHN
ADAMS, SAMUEL
ADAMS, JOHN QUINCY
EVERETT, EDWARD
OTIS, JAMES
BANCROFT, GEORGE
DANA, RICHARD HENRY
BRIGGS, LEBANON RUSSELL
JAMES, WILLIAM
NORTON, CHARLES ELIOT
SHALER, NATHANIEL S.
PRESCOTT, WILLIAM HICKLING
SPARKS, JARED
AGASSIZ, ALEXANDER
NEWCOMB, SIMON
RICHARDS, THEODORE WILLIAM
COOLIDGE, THOMAS JEFFERSON
HIGGINSON, HENRY LEE
HOWE, SAMUEL GRIDLEY
PARKER, THEODORE
HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL
STORY, JOSEPH
ADAMS, HENRY
EMERSON, RALPH WALDO
HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL
LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL
MOTLEY, JAMES LOTHROP
PARKMAN, FRANCIS
THOREAU, HENRY DAVID
RICHARDSON, HENRY HOBSON
CHOATE, JOSEPH HODGES
QUINCY, JOSIAH
BROOKS, PHILLIPS
CHANNING, WILLIAM ELLERY
HALE, EDWARD EVERETT
MATHER, INCREASE
BAKER, GEORGE PIERCE
LOWELL, PERCIVAL
CUSHING, CALEB
ELIOT, CHARLES WILLIAM
STORROW, JAMES JACKSON
HOAR, GEORGE FRISBIE
MILLET, FRANCIS DAVIS
PALMER, GEORGE HERBERT
GREENOUGH, JAMES BRADSTREET
ROOSEVELT, THEODORE
PHILLIPS, WENDELL
MATHER, COTTON
FISKE, JOHN EDMOND

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